

SONNET VI.



UNHAPPY sentence ! Worst of worst of
 pains,
 To be In darksome silefice, out of ken,
 Banished from all that bliss the world
 contains,
 And thrust from out the companies of men.
 Unhappy sentence! Worse than worst of
 deaths,
 Never to see PIDESSA'S lovely face ! O better
 were I lose ten thousand breaths,
 Than ever live in such unseen disgrace !
 Unhappy sentence ! Worse than pains of hell,
 To live in self-tormenting griefs alone ;
 Having my heart, my prison and my cell,
 And there consumed, without relief to moan ! If
 that the sentence so unhappy be, Then what am
 I, that gave the same to me ?

SONNET VII.



FT have mine Eyes, the Agents of mine
 Heart (False traitor Eyes conspiring my
 decay !) Pleaded for grace with dumb and
 silent art,
 Streaming forth tears, my sorrows to allay.
 Moaning the wrong, they do unto their Lord,
 Forcing the cruel Fair, by means to yield;
 Making her, 'gainst her will, some grace
 t'afford;
 And striving sore, at length to win the field,
 Thus work they means to feed my fainting
 hope,
 And strengthened hope adds matter to each
 thought; Yet when they all come to their end and
 scope,
 They do but wholly bring poor me, to nought.
 She'll never yield ! although they ever cry;
 And therefore we must all together die!